

November.

BY E. L. RAN GUNSSON.

The touch of fall November
Falls on the waiting land;
The oak trees and the larches
With shivering branches stand;
Wither's desolation
Is felt on every hand.

The dead stems mourn their flowers;
The bare trees mourn their leaves;
The voice of coming winter
Sobbingly sighs and grieves;
And the drear November sunset
Its lengthened shadow weaves.

There breaks not on the silence
The twitter of a bird;
Within the forest arches
No summer song is heard;
And only by the north wind
The leafless limbs are stirred.

O birds! O leaves! O flowers!
Fading things and brief!
Our human lives are falling
As falls the autumn's leaf,
And a drear November
Our hearts are bowed with grief.

And yet the winter's bondage—
The ice, the frost, the snow—
Shall melt again and vanish
When spring's warm breezes blow,
And under winter's covering
The flower of hope shall grow.

NOEL HAUSER.

DEAR FRIEND: I would be very glad to accept your kind invitation to spend a few days at your place if it were consistent with my honor. A strong phrase, you will say; but hear my story and then judge for yourself.

You say that you wish me to meet your charming and accomplished cousin, and hope I may like her that I will—in short, you are desirous that we fall in love with each other.

It would be a moral catastrophe. Why? I am already married, or rather I have been so unfortunate; I am divorced.

"So young and so unlucky," I imagine you to be saying. Yes, very unlucky and unhappy. I did not intend to tell you my story, but as you invite me to the home of your mother and sisters I must do so. As long as we were bachelors together it was not imperative. It is quite a sad story, yet not absolutely shocking save to myself.

When I married Belle Eastman my friends said I had made a mistake, in short a *maladresse*. I did not think so, for I was hopelessly (yes, that is the word for it) in love. Were you ever so? Then you can understand the cause of all my misfortunes. It is the universal fate or malady, but don't let us moralize. She was a young girl who had about half an education, and in no respect compared favorably with the gentle and accomplished ladies who have made part of my family and surrounded me from my babyhood up.

"Don't I wish I were back in my babyhood with rattlebox and coral and hobby-horse?" Sometimes I do, I assure you. "Why did I fall in love and how?" Oh, "she had a Roman nose and her cheek was like a rose on the snow." "Don't I like petticoat government?" Oh, yes; trailing skirts, looped overskirts, chignons, perfume of white moss roses. Certainly, with sweet and gracious manners. But Belle was an Amazon, and her ways were too strong-minded for me.

How I became acquainted, infatuated, engaged, married as soon as foolish youth possibly could, is such an everyday affair that I will spare you the details. Imagine me after six months of married life coming out of love's young dream and the atmosphere of roses to find myself united to a woman so unsuited to me that there seemed a perpetual antagonism between us. The things I liked did not please madam. I liked the quiet pleasures of home; my wife was unhappy unless surrounded by a crowd. A woman bent on having her way generally manages affairs of society to suit her own tastes. My house was filled with people that I abhorred. I stole out to the club for the sake of a quiet evening with my book or paper. Then madam became jealous. Some one has hinted that women are apt to be so—all of them. I do not know how that is; but madam had no reason; I was at that time too much disenchanted of all womankind to be tempted of Eve herself. However, my principal cause of complaint sprang from the resolution of madam to be strong-minded. She bent all her energies with finished determination to the improvement of her mind. She had many teachers in those days; signors and signoras, musicians and drawing and dancing masters; yet all these I endured. She was very lavish with money, but never having been very anxious to hoard it, I could have borne even this. She next turned her attention to moral distractions, and temperance, religious societies, women's rights meetings, dress reforms, in turn, engaged her mind. Her busy brain was

never still; what a wife she would have made for some bishop of the Sioux! Now came her last distraction—worse than all the others combined, and one that positively I could not endure. Belle entered with eagerness into the study of medicine, announcing to her acquaintances her determination to become a practicing member of that benevolent branch of the human race who make the ills of flesh their study. She was ambitious, and very likely some vague notions of the distinction which she should achieve as an honorary member of eye and ear societies haunted her imagination. She now saved all her pin-money to buy surgical implements, and lancets, silver or golden wire, vials, bottles, pots, pestles, mortars, became the favorite furniture with which she surrounded herself. She immediately turned my parlor, library, and best rooms into museums, exhibiting to my astonished visitors various bones of the human skeleton as if they were the lost wonders of the world. She had a mess of most uncomfortable and unhappy looking bones belonging to some decrepit mummy or Bohemian of the past. These accompanied her on all her excursions to and from her college. She talked of the plasma of the blood, of spectral intermind globules, of spirit, of nerve aura and life scintillations, till the veriest old bald-pate of doctors to hear her must have gone mad. I never recall those days of suffering without a shudder. Irrepressible, all pervading woman.

I am always one of those unhappy beings whose nose finds out all odors from afar. The sweetness of the grape flower, where from her humble green spray she breathes a delicious fragrance, was first noticed by me. I assure you it was myself who found that grape flowers resemble mignonette. Out on a hunting excursion I have tracked the yellow-wood violet to her haunt by that simple smell of sweet old decaying wood. Imagine if you can my sensations when my wife brought to my house the air of the dissecting rooms. From that moment I hated her; outraged nature had her way. In this deplorable condition I went down to the seashore one day and encountered my old friend Noel Hauser. We were students together, and had parted years ago in Frankfurt. He was a mighty "medicine man," had penetrated and interpenetrated the arcana of nature and wrested from her her hidden things. He was skilled as a poisoner. I know you are now imagining dreadful things. Compose yourself. He was an amateur stuffer of birds, crocodiles, snakes, preserver of insects, etc., etc.—a noted scientist. He had dwelt for years at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. Not content with European scenery and bugs, he must confront our austere mother in her Asian haunts.

Truth to tell, Nature, stern mother, loved him well, and the bottles of Noel Hauser held tales of the rainbow and heath, of flowers that grew high up, with pure cold lips touching perpetual snow, of poisons more potent than the reptile's fang, of sleep that was long and deadly, of slumberous, intoxicating dreams, warm with summer and spicy with tropic incenses.

Noel Hauser, wonderful man, immense creation, a puzzle to every one save his creator! He recognized me at once, "Sadder and older grown; old boy, what ails you?" His own beard was grizzled and frost-strewn with several silver threads, and on the temples also were some straggling lines of snow. Yet Noel Hauser called himself a perpetual youth. "Sick?" "Well, rather so, Noel; come home with me; we can talk over old matters and begin our acquaintance anew." "I was coming to your house, Eton, when I met you; in fact, I have only arrived here lately, a few days ago." My wife liked Noel immensely, and from his vast fund of information she, like an inquisitive bee, began to gather honey. Learning must, indeed, have had a huge attraction for that woman. He had not been domesticated in our house more than a week before she had teased from him his oldest and most venerable saurian, a stuffed toad, a dozen or so of South American green beetles, several huge moth-millers from the Asian mountains, and a snake or two from the intricacies of a pathless, reptile-haunted African interior. She was now bent on setting up a museum of her own; for the example of my old friend Noel inspired her with ruthless ardor. If he knew any thing that she did not get out of him during his three months' stay with us I am ignorant of its import. "Eton," said he, one evening as we were alone over our cigars, "your strength fails and you are not in the least like my old friend. What ails you?"

"If you have any poison, painless and sure, pray give it to me, for I am

weary of living. Noel, I do assure you that the most miserable wretch who passes you on the street is happier than I."

"If I am to do you any good, Eton, you must confide in me fully. Let me feel your pulse—feverish—yes, depressed. It won't do, old boy; shake it off. You must make a long, long journey." Well, in short—I am almost ashamed to confess it to you—I told him the story of my unhappiness.

"Can't you like her if you make an honest effort?"

"Impossible; we are so different—incompatible they call it, Hauser, don't they? No; I am determined to end it; there is only one way for me, and that is to make an end of myself."

"You are determined?"

"Yes."

These were the last words addressed to me before my death by Hauser; for when I awakened from my dreams and slumber the old things had passed away.

I had a recollection of seeing Hauser take down from a cupboard a strange Eastern bottle, labelled in the cabalistic chirography of Indian lands. It seemed full of some sparkling, dancing radiance; when it was uncorked a strange blue mist hung full of dreams filled the room. I also remember drinking something from his hand—that is all. When I awoke it was in a land of palms and summer glory; dark and strange people flitted here and there like phantoms of a dream.

Hauser, my old friend, was busy with his reptiles and dried birds near a laboratory; he had on a very light clothing suitable to tropical countries; all the familiar sceneries of my land and home were changed. I passed my hand over my brow in a confused way, for I thought my intellect must have received some fearful blow.

Noel Hauser looked at me. "Restored, by Jove. Old boy, I began to be doubtful about you. The herb took the strangest effect. I expected a sleep or a trance for a week at the longest; behold it is six months since I lost my old friend Eton."

In short, I had been down in the grave. You must acknowledge I have passed through unharmed; but Hauser assures me I lay there nearly twelve hours. I have no dreams to tell you of its silence, its chilliness or darkness; for the strange effects of the drug did not pass for six months. Noel transported me over the great oceans into the heart of the Indian summer lands. Belle bore my death bravely, so Noel Hauser tells me, and took her third of my estates like a queen. They say I have a monument over the water, a very good one too, and quite creditable to Belle. She is married again to some spectacled professor, and leads quite an eminent life, presiding at ear and eye societies of country doctors, writing pamphlets on nervous diseases, occasionally shedding some effulgence over hospital wards. She has even been known to visit patients afflicted with raging typhus. On all questions of measles, chicken-pox, sore-throat, and kindred domestic affections, she is delightfully at home. She has her heart's desire. She has become rather an eminent doctor woman, but when I tell you that I never could like doctors as well as other men, you will understand that for me to love her was impossible. Our old Doctor Hope never came to the house but I could smell for hours after all the herbs of the pharmacopoeia; jalap and calomel, with squills and rhubarb, ipecac, sweet flag and rue, lavender, ether, and chloroform, made a mingled atmosphere which surrounded and enveloped our venerable family doctor, and in which he "lived, moved, and had his being." These are my explanations and excuses to you for my death, burial, resurrection and eternal separation from Belle. Still I feel myself bound as a man of honor not to go in the matrimonial market again. This is the reason that, with thanks, I must decline your kind invitation. You have thought me young, almost a boy, like yourself. I am nearly fifty. The herb that Hauser gave me has very strange properties. It arrested the changes that make the decay of youth visible. I have no gray hairs, my teeth are excellent, my face has the same round, rosy contour as on that day of my death. Hauser himself says of the herb: "It is the fountain of youth; yet, I know not how to administer it. I only dabble with it. Its effects are never equal or constant. It produces a death-like trance, it arrests decay and preserves the appearance of youth. In your case, Eton, it nearly caused idiocy. Six months of abnormal action of the brain is too much. It breaks down that divine structure. You will die at last, Eton, as suddenly as a lamp goes out. There has been too high a tension of those fine strings call-

ed nerves; they will snap suddenly some day, but it will be painless. Comfort yourself with that thought, and don't dread the evil day." And yet, says Hauser, looking at me in his introspective way. "You may possibly go on living forever. It is barely possible that in the Hekka we have found the old tree of life, and stumbled over some life-giving sprout of the far-off garden of Eve. Let me see," and he gets down his charts and geography and quadrant, with pencils and algebra, "I sometimes think the historians have made a mistake, and that the site of the far-off garden may be here, at the foot of the Himalayas, in the valleys of roses, amid streams of crystal clear water. It certainly," said Hauser, wiping his spectacles, "is just the place I would have chosen for Adam and Eve."

"Hauser," said I, "I am glad that although a great scientist and the most learned man I ever saw you believe in the gods and the olden legends."

"I cling to all golden legends," said Hauser, "whether they be Hebrew, Christian or Indian. All things that are beautiful should be preserved. Science holds its own and fears no rivals. I am immensely glad there is a promise of immortality for the soul, for I can finish my algebra. It is so vast a work that I could not be sure of completing it here, even were I to live a hundred years."

"Hauser," said I one day, "did you ever love any one—a woman I mean, of course?"

"I have loved the woman of my imagination, Eton, with devotion—with the ardor, as Aben Hamet said of his love of Blanca, 'of the burning sun of noon.' I have longed for her, but she never came. Women have seen in me only the grave, stern scholar devoted to his insects and his algebra, to chemistry and kindred pursuits."

"Describe to me the woman of your imagination, Hauser."

"She is neither very tall nor very short; her hair is golden brown; her eyes are brown or blue—I am not very particular about that; her step is light, her voice pleasant. She puts her arms about my neck, lays her cheek against my grizzled beard and says: 'I love you.' She is content with me. She moves about our little rooms, wiping the dust off the crocodiles or birds; she busied herself copying the formulas. Sometimes when my head aches she lays her cold soft hand on my forehead. She is useful; she prepares the food with her own neat hand. She never has any mind of her own, because I happen to have enough for both. She loves to stay at home and will not be separated from me. She does not grow old fast; her spirits are so serene. When at last we do grow old together, hers is a golden age; for the wrinkles on her face have grown out of an ineffable peace; they are the stamp and image of her soul."

We sigh together—Noel and I.

"Are there any such? for if there are, Hauser, I should so much like to leave all my property to endow a home for weak-minded women."

If my narrative seems flippant, pardon it, my friend; it is my revenge for life's infelicities.—*Flora Marcian, in the Graphic.*

A Singular Case.

A Pennsylvania paper relates the following: A week or two since a gentleman residing in this vicinity went to Philadelphia and put up at a hotel, and while resting after tea in the reception room, overheard two gentlemen conversing in regard to a trial then in progress before one of the courts of that city. Our neighbor learned from this conversation that a man had obtained money upon his wife's property, the wife giving a mortgage. The money was spent in dissipation, the wife became a raving maniac, and was confined in the asylum where she now is; the husband died, and the children of this unfortunate couple were furnished with a guardian by the court who was maintaining the suit, then being tried, against the holder of the mortgage on the ground that the wife was not of legal age when the instrument was executed. The gentleman knew that a niece of his who left this vicinity when a child, had married a man of the same name as the one mentioned as having squandered his wife's patrimony, and concluded to investigate. He made his way to the Court House the following morning, and to his intense surprise and gratification was the very person needed to establish to a certainty the age of the unfortunate woman, and to save her worse than orphaned children's property, valued at \$2,500.

The British ship Melbourne on her last voyage to Australia made the extraordinary running of 5,139 miles in 17 days, being considerably over 300 miles daily.

IN THE TOILS.

How a Gay German-American Woman Enslaved the French Minister of War.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Mercury tells the following: Four years ago, Raymond Young arrived with his stylish wife, Alice, and his four-year-old son, Paul, from New York in Paris, where he took an expensive suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel Du Louvre. He stated that he had married his wife, the daughter of German parents, in New York, six years before, and seemed to live with her very happily. Through the aid of the American Legation, he gained access to the highest circles of society. Especially was this the case at the parties given by the Minister of War, the illustrious Gen. De Cissey. The General finally prevailed upon Young to take up his abode in a villa, near Passy, which belonged to him. Young remained there but a few days. After separating from his wife, who staid at the General's villa, he brought a suit for separation from bed and board against her in the Sixth Court of the Seine Circuit. She made no defense, and, in accordance with the French code, judgment was given against her. By request of the plaintiff, the proceedings had been kept secret, and so the grounds upon which Young obtained the decree of separation were not divulged. The Court ordered that the son be taken away from the mother and be placed in the Asylum of La Fleche, a military institution which she suggested for that purpose, and for which it afterward turned out, she had obtained the necessary order of admission from Gen. De Cissey. The Court permitted her to see her little son at certain times in the presence of the director of the asylum. Gen. De Cissey, as time wore on, openly became the friend of Mrs. Young. He even continued his intimacy with her after he had married a beautiful young Mexican lady. In April last Mrs. Young drove in her carriage to the Asylum of La Fleche, and applied to the director, Col. Andin, for permission to take her son out on a ride. Col. Andin refused on the ground of the judicial decree. Mrs. Young hurried to Gen. De Cissey, who issued an order to give Mrs. Young the desired permission. Col. Andin had to obey, and Mrs. Young rode out with her son. When her former husband heard of it, he went to M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, and demanded that the order of the Court should be obeyed. An investigation ensued, and Dufaure complained to President MacMahon that Gen. De Cissey was disobeying the orders of the civil Courts. MacMahon was disinclined to do any thing against Gen. De Cissey, and for the time the matter dropped. Young, however, put a shrewd detective upon the woman's track. This detective was not long in discovering that the lady paid frequent visits to the German Legation, and that she had repeatedly cashed drafts upon the banker of the German Ambassador. When these facts were laid before M. Dufaure, the police were ordered to search the apartments of Mrs. Young. The startling discovery was made there that, for nearly a year past, she had acted as the secret spy of the German Government, and that she had purloined from the desk of the Minister of War military documents of the highest importance, among others the detailed plan of the new fortification of Paris, which had thus been kept a profound secret by the French Government. That this important document should be in the hands of the German Government was a fact which M. Dufaure, upon hearing it, said was more injurious to France than the loss of a battle. He communicated the fact to Marshal MacMahon, who immediately deposed Gen. De Cissey and gave him a merely nominal command. Mrs. Young was, of course, arrested. Oddly enough, she justified herself on the ground that she had acted from patriotic motives. She said she was not born in New York, but at Mayence, on the Rhine, and that her real name was Junker. In order to avoid a great scandal, the French Government simply had her conveyed to the German frontier. Her husband was also notified that he must leave France.

To Worry the Liver

And injure the system generally, take blue pills and calomel. To regulate it, and endow the entire system with healthful vigor, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Bilious invalids, which of these two remedies will you adopt? We doubt not the latter. By so doing, you will avoid the disastrous consequences which the persistent or frequent use of mercury entails, and effectuate the desired reform in the action of the biliary gland without danger, as well as speedily and thoroughly. The Bitters invariably relieves yellowness of the complexion and whitening of the eyes, pains in the right side and under the right shoulder-blade, furred tongue, high colored urine, nausea, vertigo, dyspepsia, constipation, heaviness of the head, mental despondency, and every other manifestation or accompaniment of a disordered condition of the liver. The stomach, bowels and kidneys also experience their regulating and tonic influence.

SNEEZING CATARRH, Chronic Catarrh, Ulcerative Catarrh, with all their sympathetic diseases, promptly relieved and permanently cured by SASSAPARILLA RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. It instantaneously relieves and almost invariably cures.